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THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
VERBAL and PRACTICAL
VIRTUE.

*Dicendi Virtus, nisi ei, qui dicit, ea, de quibus dicit, percepta sint,
extare non potest.* C I C.

WITH
A Prefatory Epistle from Mr. C--b--r to Mr. P.

Sic ulciscar genera singula, quemadmodum à quibus sum provocatus.
C I C. post Redit. ad Quir.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. R O B E R T S, near the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane.

M D C C X L I I.

THE
DIFFERENCE

BETWEEN
VERBAL and PRACTICAL

VIRTUE.

*Discendi Virtus, nisi ei, qui docet, eas de quibus docet, perceptas sint.
Cic.*

WITH
A Prefatory Epistle from Mr. C. to Mr. P.

*Disci magis quam doceri, quod magis est quibus sum profectus.
Cic. Pro Roscio ad Quint.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Johnson, near the Office of the Standard, in Strand.
MDCCLXXXIII.

Stoke myself with a little success, have en-
couraged such a Friend to me, as England has

Mr. C---b---r to Mr. P.

all the Weight of the War upon you, till you

HA V E at you again, Sir. I gave you
fair Warning that I would have the last
Word; and by --- (I will not swear in Print)
you shall find me no Lyar. I own, I am great-
ly elate on the Laurels the Town has be-
stow'd upon me for my Victory over you in
my Prose Combat; and, encouraged by that
Triumph, I now resolve to fight you on your
own Dunghil of Poetry, and with your own
jingling Weapons of Rhyme and Metre. I
confess I have had some Help; but what then?
since the greatest Princes are rather proud than
asham'd of Allies and Auxiliaries when they
make War in the Field, why should I decline
such Assistance when I make War in the Press?
And since you thought most unrighteously
and unjustly to fall upon me and crush me,
only because you imagin'd your Self strong and
Me weak, as *France* fell upon the Queen of
Hungary;

Hungary; if I like her (*si parva licet componere magnis*) by first striking a bold and desperate Stroke myself with a little Success, have encouraged such a Friend to me, as *England* has been to her, to espouse my Cause, and turn all the Weight of the War upon you, till you wish you had never begun it; with what reasonable and equitable Pleasure may I not pursue my Blow till I make you repent, by laying you on your Back, the ungrateful Returns you have made me for saving you from Destruction when you laid yourself on your Belly. I am, Sir, not your humble, but your devoted Servant; for I will follow you as long as I live; and as *Terence* says in the *Eunuch*, *Ego pol te pro istis dictis & factis, scelus, ulciscar, ut ne impune in nos illis eris.*

THE

THE
D I F F E R E N C E

B E T W E E N
Verbal and Practical V I R T U E

E X E M P L I F Y ' D,

In some Eminent Instances both Ancient and
Modern.

W H A T awkward Judgments must they make of Men,
Who think their Hearts are pictur'd by their Pen ;

That *this* observes the Rules which *that* approves,

And what one praises, that the other loves,

Few Authors tread the Paths they recommend,

Or when they shew the Road, pursue the End :

Few give Examples, whilst they give Advice,

Or tho' they scourge the vicious, shun the Vice ;

But lash the Times as Swimmers do the Tide,

And kick and cuff the Stream on which they ride.

His tuneful Lyre when polish'd *Horace* strung,
 And all the Sweets of calm Retirement sung,
 In Practice still his courtly Conduct show'd
 His Joy was Luxury, and Power his God;
 With great *Mæcenæ*s meanly proud to dine,
 And fond to load *Augustus* flatter'd Shrine;
 And whilst he rail'd at *Menas* ill-got Sway,
 His numerous Train that choak'd the *Appian* Way,
 His Talents still to Perfidy apply'd,
 Three Times a Friend and Foe to either Side.
Horace forgot, or hop'd his Readers would,
 His Safety on the same Foundation stood.
 That he who once had own'd his Country's Cause,
 Now kiss'd the Feet that trampled on her Laws:
 That till the Havock of *Philippi's* Field,
 Where Right to Force, by Fate was taught to yield,
 He follow'd *Brutus*, and then hail'd the Sword,
 Which gave Mankind, whom *Brutus* freed, a Lord:

Nor

* Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, &c. Epod. 2. Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque invidia. Sat. 1. Lib. 2.

† Nunc quia Mæcenæ tibi sum victor. Sat. 6. Lib. 1.

— Tu pulses omne quod obstat
 Ad Mæcenatē memori si mente recurras.

Hoc juvat, & melli est; ne mentiar. Sat. 6. Lib. 2.

‡ All his Works are full of Examples of Flattery to *Augustus*.

§ Epod. 4. *Menas* was a Freedman of *Pompey* the younger; and he deserted from him to *Augustus*, then back from *Augustus* to *Pompey*, and then from *Pompey* to *Augustus* again. This is in all the Histories. *Appian. Dion.*

¶ Et *Appiam* mannis terit. Epod. 4.

‡ O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum
 Deducte, Bruto militiæ Duce.—
 Tecum *Philippos* & celerem fugam
 Senti, relicta non bene parmulâ
 Cum fracta virtus, & minaces
 Turpe solum tetigere mento. HOR. Ode 7. B. 2.

Nor to the Guilt of a Deserter's Name,
 Like *Menas* great (tho' with dishonest Fame)
 Added the Glory, tho' he shar'd the Shame.
 For whilst with Fleets and Armies *Menas* warr'd,
 Courage his Leader, Policy his Guard,
 Poor *Horace* only follow'd with a Verse
 That Fate the Freedman balanc'd, to rehearse;
 Singing the Victor for whom *Menas* fought,
 And following Triumph which the other brought.

8 Thus graver *Seneca*, in canting Strains,
 Talk'd of fair Virtue's Charms and Vice's Stains,
 And said the happy were the chaste and poor;
 Whilst plunder'd Provinces supply'd his Store,
 And *Rome's* Imperial Mistress was his Whore.
 But tho' he rail'd at Flattery's dangerous Smile,
 A *Claudius*, and a *Nero*, all the while,
 With every Vice that reigns in Youth or Age,
 The Gilding of his venal Pen engage,
 And fill the flavish Fable of each Page.

See *Sallust* too, whose Energy divine
 Lashes a vicious Age in ev'ry Line:

With

8 In his *Seneca* reus factus est multorum scelerum, sed præsertim quod cum *Agrippinâ* rem haberet, nec enim in hac re solum, sed in plerisque aliis contra facere visus est quam Philosophabatur. Quum enim Tyrannidem improbaret, Tyranni præceptor erat: quumque insultaret iis qui cum principibus versarentur, ipse à Palatio non discedebat. Assentatores detestabatur, quum ipse Reginas coleret & libertos, ac Laudationes quorundam componeret. Reprehendebat divites is, cujus facultates erant ter millies sestertium: quique luxum aliorum damnabat quingentes tripodas habuit de ligno cedrino, pedibus eburneis, similes & pares inter se, in quibus cœnabat. Ex quibus omnibus ea quæ sunt his consentanea, quæque ipse libidinosè fecit, facile intelligi possunt. Nuptias enim cum nobilissimâ atque illustrissimâ sceminâ contraxit. Delectabatur exoletis, idque *Neronem* facere docuerat etsi antea tanta fuerat in morum severitate ut ab eo peteret, ne se oscularetur, neve una secum cœnandi causa discumberet.

Vid. *Dion. Excerpta per Xiphilinum, Lib. 61.*

With Horror painting the flagitious Times,
 The profligate, profuse, rapacious Crimes,
 That reign'd in the degenerate Sons of *Rome*,
 And made them first deserve, then caus'd their Doom;
 With all the Merit of his virtuous Pen,
 Leagu'd with the worst of these corrupted Men;
 The Day in Riot and Excess to waste,
 The Night in Taverns and in Brothels past:
^h And when the *Censors*, by their high Controll,
 Struck him, indignant, from the *Senate's* Roll,
 From Justice he appeal'd to *Cæsar's* Sword,
ⁱ And by Law exil'd, was by Force restor'd.
^k What follow'd let *Numidia's* Sons declare,
 Harraß'd in Peace with Ills surpassing War;
 Each Purse by Peculate and Rapine drain'd,
 Each House by Murder and Adult'ries stain'd:
 Till *Africk* Slaves, gall'd by the Chains of *Rome*,
 Wish'd their own Tyrants as a milder Doom.

If then we turn our Eyes from Words to Fact,
 Comparing how Men write, with how they act,
 How many Authors of this Contrast kind
 In ev'ry Age, and ev'ry Clime we find.
 Thus scribbling *P---* who *Peter* never spares,
 Feeds on extortious Interest from young Heirs:

And

^h Collegæ tamen, multos Nobilium, atque inter eos Crispum etiam Sallustium, eum, qui historiam conscripsit, Senatu ejicienti non repugnavit. *DION. Lib. 40.*

ⁱ Ab his Sallustius (qui ut Senatoriam dignitatem recuperaret tum Prætor factus erat) pro-pemodum occisus. *DION. Lib. 42.*

^k Numidas quoque in suam potestatem Cæsar accepit, iisque Sallustium præfecit. Sallustius & pecuniæ captræ & compilatæ provinciæ accusatus, summam infamiam reportavit, quod quum ejusmodi libros composuisset, in quibus multis acerbisque verbis eos, qui ex provinciis quæstum facerent, notasset, nequaquam suis scriptis in agendo steterisset. Itaque etsi à Cæsare absolutus fuit, tamen suis ipsius verbis proprium crimen abunde quasi in tabulâ propositum divulgavit. *DION. L. 43.*

And whilst he made Old *S---lkerk's* Bows his Sport,
 Dawb'd minor Courtiers, of a minor Court.
 If *Sallust, Horace, Seneca*, and *He*
 Thus in their Morals then so well agree;
 By what Ingredient is the Difference known?
 The Difference only in their Wit is shown,
 For all their Cant and Falshood is his own.
 He rails at Lies, and yet for half a Crown,
 Coins and disperses Lies thro' all the Town:
 Of his own Crimes the Innocent accuses,
 And those who clubb'd to make him eat, abuses.
 But whilst such Features in his Works we trace,
 And Gifts like these his happy Genius grace;
 Let none his haggard Face, or Mountain Back,
 The Object of mistaken Satire make;
 Faults which the best of Men, by Nature curs'd,
 May chance to share in common with the worst.
 In Vengeance for his Insults on Mankind,
 Let those who blame, some truer Blemish find,
 And lash that worse Deformity, his Mind.
 Like prudent Foes attack some weaker Part,
 And make the War upon his Head or Heart.
 Prove his late Works dishonest as they're dull;
 That try'd by Moral or Poetic Rule,
 The Verdict must be either Knave or Fool.
¹ Whilst his false *English*, and false Facts combin'd,
 Betray the double Darkness of his Mind;
^m That Mind so suited to its vile Abode,
 The Temple so adapted to the God,

¹ See at least a hundred and fifty Places in his late Works.

^m In quo deformitas corporis cum turpitudine certabat ingenii; adeo ut animus ejus dignissimo domicilio inclusus videretur. VEL, PAT. L. 2. B. 69.

It seems the Counterpart by Heav'n design'd
 A Symbol and a Warning to Mankind :
 As at some Door we find hung out a Sign,
 Type of the Monster to be found within.
 From his own Words this Scoundrel let 'em prove
 Unjust in Hate, incapable of Love;
 For all the Taste he ever has of Joy,
 Is like some yelping Mungril to annoy
 And teaze that Passenger he can't destroy.
 To cast a Shadow o'er the spotless Fame,
 Or dye the Cheek of Innocence with Shame;
 To swell the Breast of Modesty with Care,
 Or force from Beauty's Eye a secret Tear;
 And, not by Decency or Honour sway'd,
 Libel the Living, and asperse the Dead :
 Prone where he ne'er receiv'd to give Offence,
 But most averse to Merit and to Sense;
 Base to his Foe, but baser to his Friend,
 Lying to blame, and sneering to commend :
 Defaming those whom all but he must love,
 And praising those whom none but he approve.
 Then let him boast that honourable Crime,
 Of making those who fear not God, fear him ;
 When the great Honour of that Boast is such
 That Hornets and Mad Dogs may boast as much.
 Such is th' Injustice of his daily Theme,
 And such the Lust that breaks his nightly Dream ;
 That vestal Fire of undecaying Hate,
 Which Time's cold Tide itself can ne'er abate,

But

But like *Domitian*, with a murd'rou Will,
 Rather than nothing, Flies he likes to kill.
 And in his Closet stabs some obscure Name,
 Brought by this Hangman first to Light and Shame.
 Such now his Works to all the World are known,
 Who undeceiv'd, their former Error own;
 Whilst not one Man who likes his rhyming Art,
 Allows him Genius, or defends his Heart:
 But thus from Triumph snatch'd, and giv'n to Shame
 Lash'd *into* Penitence, and *out* of Fame.
 Since all Mankind these certain Truths allow,
 And speak so freely what so well they know;
 No wonder doom'd such Treatment to receive,
 That he *can* feel, and that he *can't* forgive.
 Were I dispos'd to curse the Man I hate,
 Such would I wish his miserable Fate.
 Thus striving to inflict, to meet Disgrace,
 And wasted to the Ghost of what he was;
 And like all Ghosts which Men of Sense despise,
 Only the Dread of Folly's coward Eyes.
 Thus would I have him despicably live,
 Himself, his Friends, and Credit to survive,
 Into Contempt from Reputation hurl'd,
 His own Detractor thro' a scoffing World.

^a See the *Dunciad*.

F I N I S.

While not one Man who likes his name
A thousand Gains, or defends his name
But this from Triumph snatch'd, and given to Shame
I shall have Penitence, and out of Shame
Since all Mask'd these certain Truths show
And speak so freely what so well they know
No wonder doom'd such Treatment to receive
That he can feel, and that he can't forgive
Were I dispos'd to curse the Man I hate,
Such would I wish his miserable Fate.
I live living to inflict, to meet Distress
And wait'd to the Ghost of what he was;
And like all Ghosts which Men of Sense despise
Only the Devil of Folly's covet lives
Thus would I have him deserv'dly live
Unkind, his Friends, and Obedience to survive
Into Contempt from Reputation hurl'd
His own Doctor tho' a losing World.

"See the Doctor."

F I W I S